THE BARONY OF DRAGONSSPINE

# Meiassis Dragon

October
A.S XLIX

# Scribal Project

Greetings Unto the Populace of the Outlands.

I hope this missive finds you well. I am writing this day regarding a scribal display that is being planned for Heralds and Scribes on April 18, 2015 Gregorian AS XLIX.

The project would be a display of scrolls throughout the years. This would not be a simple A&S display. No. This would be a display on a grand scale. This would be a way to give back to the scribes who have given so much to us. It would be a way to display scrolls that were only seen for brief moments in court long ago before adorning the walls of our homes.

The vision is for scrolls from the 70s, 80s, 90s, 00s, and 10s (Is, Xs, XXs, XXXs, and XLs). The vision is for scrolls representing as many awards as possible including baronial awards. Think of a display that shows leather scrolls, triptychs, hand made paper, eggs, metal, and more. Think of a display showing the first scrolls by prolific scribes. Think of a display showing the premiere scroll of an order.

There are various logistics that are in the early stages of being worked (including protecting the scrolls and figuring out which ones to display). At this time, there are two things being sought:

1) Description of scrolls that you are willing to loan from your collection

2) Volunteers who are willing to assist on this project

If you are willing to volunteer, please send a message with the subject line "Scribal Exhibit: Volunteer". It should include a way for us to contact you and what availability you will have at Battlemoor as well as availability that you will have in advance of Battlemoor to co-ordinate some of the logistics.

If you are willing to loan your scroll please send a message with the subject line "Scribal Exhibit: Scroll". It should include the following information (if you have it):

1) The scroll recipient
2) The purpose of the scroll (e.g. the award)
3) The scribe
4) The year (Gregorian or A.S.)
5) Material (e.g. parchment, leather, etc.)
6) Approximate dimension
7) Special notes (e.g. it has special text, it is in a foreign language, etc.)

If you would like, feel free to also send a picture of the scroll but please keep the size of the image to a minimum as to avoid overflowing mailboxes.
Also, since we believe that there have been over 10,000 scrolls given throughout the history of the Outlands, and we just don't have the room to display them all, please only send information on up to 3. If you will have trouble transporting the scroll, let us know and we will try to work with you on ways to make that happen.

I want to emphasize that this is not meant to be a display of scrolls by peers or for peers. We truly wish to have a broad sampling of the artists of the Outlands. I know that I saw some scrolls given out at this past Caerthen 12th Night that were neither made by nor for a peer and could be an excellent addition to this exhibition.

I hope that you are willing to help in this endeavor. The scribes of the Outlands are amazing! Too many times I have seen a scroll read and shown in court yet never seen it again. I know I would have liked to have had a chance to look at these works of art more closely. I imagine there are many scribes who would like many people to view their work again. I imagine many of you would like to look upon them as well.

YIS,

Master Jethro Stille

Photo by Lady Bree Pye of Caer Galen

# Upcoming Events

**1 Nov** Fontaine Toy Box and Baronial Investiture—Fontaine dans Sable*#

**1 Nov** Danse Macabre—Caer Galen

**8 Nov** Coronation—Bryngolau*#

**15 Nov** Day of A&S—al-Barran

**15 Nov** Toys for Tots—Caer Galen

**16 Nov** Toys for Tots—al-Barran

**22 Nov** Dragonsspine Baronial A&S Competition—Dragonsspine#

**6 Dec** Hunters Feast—Windkeep

**6 Dec** St. Stephen's Day—Southern Pass

**13 Dec** Caer Galen Midwinter—Caer Galen*

**20-21 Dec** Midwinter and War Practice—al-Barran*

**20 Dec** Unser Hafen Yule—Unser Hafen

**3 Jan** 12th Night—Barony of Caerthe

**4 Jan** Caerthan War Practice—Caerthe

**17 Jan** Viking Vinter Vunderland—Aarquelle

**31 Jan** Feast of St. Eadric—Southern Pass

**31 Jan** Candlemas—Plattefordham

**14 Feb** StagsCon—TBD

**21 Feb** Corazon de Leon IV—Villaleon

**24 Feb—2 Mar** Estrella—Atendveldt*

* Event is on TRM Progress
# Event is on TE Dragonsspine's Progress

# Getting to know you…

**Name:** Abigail MacNaught mka Belva Yost

**Position:** Exchequer/Reeve

**Time:** Technically I will start at Crown

**Tell us about your persona:** as previously stated, my name is Abigail MacNaught, it is 14th century Scottish. My persona is Scotch-Irish, I got me name from me father but me mother raised me and I've oft been compared to one of the little people. I don't have anything else worked out yet.

**What are some of your favorites?** Earth tones, autumn colors, fall, dragons, Asian stuff and Celtic stuff…

**Personal Heraldry:** (if it passes) is a phoenix. I like the symbolism of starting over and new growth. (I also like trees and leaves for the same reason.

**What sort of things do you do within the SCA?** I am learning how to shoot archery, relearning how to fence. I want to learn how to marshal. And I love to camp, sew, spending time with my friends and family and service.

**What are your main responsibilities within the Barony?** if it has to do with money, I will most likely be involved

**What was your first car:** red Datsun hatchback with no door handles

**What is your current car?** Ford Ranger, yay camping

I first got involved in the Society in high-school. I was at the park near my house when I saw a bunch of guys in armor beating each other with large sticks. I was obviously intrigued.

**What is your first memory of the SCA?** Conliac (sp?) walking one of her big dogs

**Favorite meal:** Green Chili Cheese enchiladas from Si Senior

**Name:** Cricket Sutton / Iul'iannia Sverckova

**Job/Position:** Chatelaine

**Time in role:** less than 1 month.

**Tell us about your persona:** NAME, country of origin, time period, persona history: I'm Uli'iannia Sverchkova. I'm from 1250 Rus, right after the Mongol invasion.

**What are some of your favorites?** (i.e. Colors, textures, flavors, animals, plants, periods of history, etc): I love Rich jewel tones. I like soft loose fitting clothing. Complete foody as long as it doesn't have any peppers of any kind.

**What sort of things do you do within the SCA?** Illumination, clothing, I've been on the Watch Team for Pennsic for the past 5 years, including Watch 2.

**What do like most about your job?** I had the best welcome into the SCA and it immediately became home and family for me. I want every person to have that welcome. I also want them to know that they are watched over and cared for.

**What was your first car?** Geo Metro

**What is your current car?** Saturn Vue

**Where is your favorite holiday destination?** Pennsic!

**What is your favorite book?** Too many to count

**What are your favorite hobbies?** SCA and Pin-up modeling

**My favorite meal involves:** I love odd foods!

**What are your main responsibilities within the Barony?** Chatelaine

**Miscellaneous Moments**

The best time of the day to me is a day full of close friends.

I need to have hugs every day.

I am frightened by the dark.

The craziest thing that ever happened to me was my family. Ask me about my "petrified alien brain story"

I want to learn how to play the violin and speak Russian. I will probably end up making my own inkle loom so I can learn how to make trim.

Midwinter is Coming!

Their Excellencies Sir Bardolf and Lady Sabiha send warmest of greetings.

As winter draws nigh, we are called by the warm hearth fires of the mead-halls to come and revel in celebration of the year.

Their Excellencies invite all who come by these words to join with them on the 20th day of December for a Norse Yule Feast at al-Barran Midwinter!

We will be treated to a day of fun and good food.

Come pass the time with games of chance in the mead-hall. Test your skill in armored combat in a Holmgang tournament. Dance the afternoon away or join in the chorus of your favorite Yuletide carol. Artisans, display your works for a chance at a midwinter prize.

Stay for Court with a lovely feast to follow, expertly crafted by His Excellency Morris O Fiaich. Savor your meal while enjoying the performance of roving bards.

Join us again the next morning for the Traditional War Practice at Montgomery Park to prepare for Estrella WAR!!!

Come and enjoy the Bounty of al-Barran. Toast to fallen brethren and to the health of the King!

Check out the website for information on how you can be apart of the celebration!

# Herald's Report

**Duchess Selene of the Sky, Scalene Pursuivant**

Deputies:

THL Robert Huntsman Court Voice

Lady Adelaisa Bernois Research and Baronial Chronicler

Connal Óg mac Dabhidh Research

Lord Alric Godwynson Field Herald

**New Submissions to Castle Herald – October 29, 2014**

None

**Resubmissions to Castle Herald – October 29, 2014**

Cuhelyn of Northanhymbre device was redrawn and was resubmitted-

**Submissions Passed to Laurel by Rampart**

Connor Mac Buchanan of Loch Lomond – Name NOTE: the "Mac" was dropped at the Rampart level to make the name more acceptable

Cuhelyn of Northanhymbre New Name

Rosalynn Mac Buchanan of Loch Lomond –

Name NOTE: the "Mac" was dropped at the Rampart level to make the name more acceptable

**Submissions Returned by Castle or Rampart Herald for more work**

Alikina filia Elpin – Device

Cuhelyn of Northanhymbre Device

**Submissions at Laurel Sovereign of Arms as of October 29, 2014**

**Submissions in Commentary**

Connor Buchanan of Loch Lomond – Name

Cuhelyn of Northanhymbre New Name

Rosalynn Buchanan of Loch Lomond Name

**Submissions Decided – LoAR Being Proofread**

Isabeau de Bernac - Device-

**Submissions Passed at Laurel – August 2014 letter**

Abigail MacNaught. Name.

Adelaisa Bernois. Badge. (Fieldless) A lily within and conjoined to an annulet Or.

Antoine de Vallier. Name and device. Per bend sinister argent and gules, a lion's head erased sable and a fleur-de-lys Or.

Arngerdr Hergeirsdottir. Name.

Conall Óg mac Dabhídh. Alternate Name Date Chotaro Motohisa and badge. Gules, in pale a valknut and a trimount couped within an orle argent.
There is a step from period practice for the use of a valknut.

Ellisif Hergeirsdottir. Name.

Gianni Sangermano. Name. Sangermano is the submitter's legal surname.

**Dragonsspinian Awards in September or October as listed by Wimble Herald**

(I received no reports, hence much detail per award is lacking)

Robert Huntsman White Scarf of the Outlands -- the Outlands 2014-08-30

Laurentz von Rothenstein Stag's Blood – Outlands 2014-08-16

Kiara Loftus Pelican – Outlands 2014-08-30

Adelaisa Bernois Award of Arms 2014-08-16

In Service to the Barony,

Duchess Selene of the Sky, Scalene Pursuivant

# Dragonsspine A&S Competition

Bring your arts and science entries to the Barony of Dragonsspine. Join us in showing off and admiring the wonderful arts and sciences the people of the Barony and in the Kingdom are creating! The Barony will be choosing its A&S Champion, but that's only the beginning! There is also a Novice Tourney, Baron's Brew, Baroness' Choice, and Populace Choice, as well as Display for those who don't wish to enter, but who want to show the great things they've been doing! The brewing competition will be ON site

There will be a donation lunch to warm you and ease your hunger pangs as you admire the works displayed.

Date: 22 November 2014

Time: Gate opens at 10:00 am and site closes at 5:00 pm

Location: 2422 Busch Ave, Colorado Springs, CO 80904

Fees:

Adults (14 and older) $10

Children 6 – 13 $5,

Under 5 guests of the Barony

Non-Member Surcharge $5

Make Checks payable to Barony of Dragonsspine

Autocrats: Nezumi Rei and Cuilen of Northanhymbre

Competition Contact: Lady Bronwen of Hindscroft

Directions:

Take Exit #141 from either direction off I-25. Head west on Cimmaron Blvd until you get to 21st Street. Turn left onto 21st Street. In .4 mile, turn right on Busch Ave. The Dance Hall is on the right side, .5 miles down on Busch. Event is in the basement, so park in the rear of the building. Parking is available, but space is limited. Carpool with your friends for a more fantastic event.

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SONNET #7

*Wm. Shakespeare*

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

PARAPHRASE

When the first rays of the sun appear in the east,
And the sun lifts up his burning head, men's eyes
Pay tribute to his new-appearing sight
Serving his majesty [the sun] with looks of awe;
And when he climbs that hill to heaven [ascends back into the sky],
Like a strong young man in the prime of life,
Mortals still worship his glory,
Watching closely his climb into the sky;
But when from his zenith he, with his weary chariot,
Reels downwards like men decline with age,
The eyes [of men], before dutiful, now turn away from him
They turn away from his path in the sky and look elsewhere:
So you, youself nearly past your prime,
Will too go unregarded [like the sun], unless you have a son.

Did you know it's period?

*We at the Meiassis Dragon are proud to present an article series on Modern Medieval Food by THL Rowan Houndskeeper. This article series was found on Stefan's Florigeum and reprinted with permission of the author.*

## Modern Medieval Food

by THL Rowan Houndskeeper

A lot of people seem afraid to try medieval cooking. I occasionally hear comments along the lines of: "People won't like it, it's not familiar," "Medieval food tastes weird, and it's over-spiced." Then there is the very common complaint: "The medieval recipes never tell me how much to use!"

But many of our so called "modern" dishes are actually quite ancient. This article is the first in a planned series that I hope will help to dispel these particular myths that surround medieval cooking and encourage new cooks to try actual period recipes rather than relying on "period-esque" type foods for feasts. This same set of recipes and articles might also be useful as part of local education demonstrations to introduce the general public to documented period food rather than either Hollywood or Renn Fair interpretations of "medieval" food. I hope that everyone gets a chance to see that medieval food can be easy, tasty, and actually very familiar.

To start off the series of "modern" medieval foods - three recipes that together allow us to serve up a simple dinner and, with the addition of apples and bread, can easily be used for a lunch inn at an event: Makerouns from Forme of Cury (English, 14th c.), Skinless Sausages from the Koge Bog (Danish, 1616), and Syrup of Lemon from the Anonymous Andalusian Cookbook (13th c.).

For these recipes I have included the original period recipe as well as a redacted version in my best "Betty Crocker Cookbook" style so that you can begin to see how the period recipes are worked out into modern versions.

Hopefully you will try your hand at making a few medieval dishes — perhaps as a feast steward for an upcoming event, for a party at the next war, or maybe just for dinner at home.

### MAKEROUNS = BUTTERED NOODLES WITH CHEESE (MAC-AND-CHEESE)

*Take and make a thynne foyle of dowh, and kerue it on pieces, and cast hym on boiling water & seep it wele. Take chese and grate it, and butter imelte, cast bynethen and abouven as losyns; and serue forth.*

The Forme of Cury (14th c. English)

**Translation:**

Take a piece of thin pastry dough and cut it in pieces, place in boiling water and cook. Take grated cheese, melted butter, and arrange in layers like lasagna; serve.

**Redaction:**

2 c dry egg noodles

2 Tbsp melted butter

2-4 Tbsp grated cheese (I suggest mixed Parmesan and Romano)

Boil noodles until tender (al dente) as per the package. Drain well. Thoroughly mix noodles with melted butter, ensuring that all noodles are evenly coated with butter. Generously sprinkle cheese on top of noodles and serve while still warm.

For a slightly fancier dish, make several layers in your serving platter of the buttered noodles topped with different types of cheese for each layer (e.g. Cheddar, Gouda, and Romano). You can substitute freshly made pasta from your pasta maker for the egg noodles if you are feeling ambitious.

Pasta noodles in some form (using various types of flours) date back to the BC era in China, were available in India and Persia under various names, and had reached Italy by around the 11th century. This 14th century English recipe for medieval Mac-n-Cheese advises preparing is like "losyns" (lasagna) with layered noodles, butter, and cheese. This should imply to you there is a medieval lasagna type dish that may be presented in some future article (but remember there's no tomato sauce during our period). ☺

Did You Know it's Period?...the conclusion

## SKINLESS SAUSAGES = MEATBALLS

*XLIX. Klotser eller Pølser uden Skind.*

*Hack Morbrad smaa/lad der vdi Eg met Salt/Peber/Ingefer/Saphran/om du vilt/Elt dette/oc giør dennem trinde. Leg dennem saa i reent siudendis Vand/at de der vdi vel siude/oc giff dem op met samme Saad.*

Koge Bog (1616, Danish)

**Translation:**

XLIX. Balls or skinless sausages.

Finely chop fillet of beef. Add egg with salt, pepper, ginger, saffron if you want. Mix this and make them round. Then put them in clean boiling water that they boil well in there, and serve them up with the same broth.

**Redaction:**

1 lb lean ground beef

1 egg

6 cups beef broth

1 tsp salt

1/4 tsp freshly ground pepper

1/4 tsp fresh grated ginger, including the "juice" obtained from grating

(Note: powdered ginger doesn't work)

Place broth in a large soup pot over heat. Mix together beef, egg, and spices. Once thoroughly mixed make ~3oz meatballs using a standard ice cream scoop. Carefully drop meatballs into broth. Bring broth to a boil then reduce heat to simmer. Boil meatballs for ~20-30 minutes until done (they will float to the top of the broth).

Meatballs of pork, beef, or lamb are actually quite common in medieval recipe collections and appear in the medieval cookbooks of many cultures and time periods. Many however also include fruit (currants, raisins, or dates) which, although are quite tasty, may seem a bit odd at first to modern palates.

## SYRUP OF LEMON = LEMONADE

*Take lemon, after peeling its outer skin, press it and take a ratl of juice, and add as much of sugar. Cook it until it takes the form of a syrup. Its advantages are for the heat of bile; it cuts the thirst and binds the bowels.*

The Anonymous Andalusian Cookbook
(13th c. Spanish)

**Redaction:**

2 c lemon juice (either purchased or fresh squeezed from ~12 large lemons)

2 c sugar

2 c water

Boil sugar, lemon juice, and water together in an adequately sized pot for ~15 minutes to obtain a thin syrup. This syrup should be diluted 1:2 with cold water to form lemonade.

The original recipe doesn't mention if this drink is served hot or cold. Served undiluted as a warm syrup it is actually quite tasty as a hot, refreshing alternative to herbal teas. Dilute it as directed above and you have period lemonade. Although dilution is not mentioned in the original recipe, most of the other herb or fruit syrup drinks in the same source do mention diluting with water. Therefore this is a reasonable interpretation of the original recipe. If there is any question about how "modern" this recipe is - a recipe nearly identical to the original period one can be found in The Good Housekeeping Illustrated Cookbook (1989) on p. 470.

The syrup of lemon recipe was originally redacted by and is available in Cariadoc's *Miscellany*.

**References:**

*Curye on Inglish: English Culinary Manuscripts of the Fourteenth-Century (Including the Forme of Cury). Hieatt, Constance B. and Sharon Butler. New York: for The Early English Text Society by the Oxford University Press, 1985.*

*Koge Bog: Containing a hundred useful pieces, which are about brewing, baking, cooking, aquavit and mead to make, as is useful in house holding &c. which before not in our Danish Language is issued in print. Printed in Copenhagen, by Salomone Sartorio, 1616. Translated by M. Forest at* www.forest.gen.nz/Medieval/articles/cooking/1616.html

*An Anonymous Andalusian Cookbook of the Thirteenth Century. Translated by Charles Perry at www.daviddfriedman.com/Medieval/Cookbooks/Andalusian/andalusian_contents.htm*

*Cariadoc's Miscellany: A Collection of Medieval Recipes, 9th edition. Cariadoc and Elizabeth (David Friedman and Betty Cook) at http://www.pbm.com/~lindahl/cariadoc/miscellany.html*

*The Good Housekeeping Illustrated Cookbook. New York: Hearst Books, 1989.*

**Chapter 33 - Bjorn goes to Iceland**

A little before winter came a ship from the south out of the Orkneys, with the tidings that a long-ship had come in autumn to those islands. Therein were messengers of king Harold, with this errand to earl Sigurd, that the king would have Bjorn Brynjolfsson slain wherever he might be found, and the same message Harold sent to the Southern Isles and even to Dublin. Bjorn heard these tidings, and withal that he was outlawed in Norway. Forthwith on reaching Shetland Bjorn had held his wedding with Thora, and through the winter they stayed at Moss-ey-town.

But in spring, as soon as ever the sea began to calm, Bjorn drew forth his ship, and made him ready with all speed. And when he was ready and got a wind, he sailed out to the main. They had a strong breeze, and were but little time out ere they came to the south coast of Iceland. The wind was blowing on the land; then it bore them westwards along the coast, and so out to sea. But when they got a shift of wind back again, then they sailed for the land. There was not a single man on board who had been in Iceland before. They sailed into a wondrous large firth, the wind bearing them towards its western shore. Land-wards nothing was seen but breakers and harbourless shore. Then they stood slant-wise across the wind as they might (but still eastwards), till a firth lay over against them, into which they sailed, till all the skerries and the surf were passed. Then they put in by a ness. An island lay out opposite this, and a deep sound was between them: there they made fast the ship. A bay ran up west of the ness, and above this bay stood a good-sized rocky hill.

Bjorn and some men with him got into a boat, Bjorn telling his comrades to beware of saying about their voyage aught that might work them trouble. They rowed to the buildings, and found there men to speak to. First they asked where they had come to land. The men told them that this was named Borgar-firth; that the buildings they saw were called Borg; that the goodman was Skallagrim.

Bjorn at once remembered about him, and he went to meet Skallagrim, and they talked together. Skallagrim asked who they were. Bjorn named himself and his father, but Skallagrim knew Brynjolf well, so he offered to Bjorn such help as he needed. This Bjorn accepted thankfully. Then Skallagrim asked what others there were in the ship, persons of rank. Bjorn said there was Thora, Hroald's daughter, sister of lord Thorir. Skallagrim was right glad for that, and said that it was his bounden duty to give to the sister of Thorir his own foster-brother such help as she needed or he could supply; and he bade her and Bjorn both to his house with all his shipmates. Bjorn accepted this. So the cargo was moved from the ship up to the homestead at Borg. There they set up their booths; but the ship was drawn up into the brook hard by. And where Bjorn's party had their booths is still called Bjorn's home-field. Bjorn and his shipmates all took up their abode with Skallagrim, who never had about him fewer than sixty stout fellows.

**Chapter 34 - Of Skallagrim and Bjorn**

It befell in autumn, when ships had come to Iceland from Norway, that this report came over, how Bjorn had run away with Thora without the consent of her kin, and for that the king had made him an outlaw from Norway. But when Skallagrim got to know this, he called Bjorn to him, and asked how it had been with his marriage; had it been made with the consent of his wife's kin.

'I never looked for this,' said he, 'in a son of Brynjolf, that I should not know the truth from him.'

Bjorn answered, 'Truth only told I to you, Grim, and you may not rebuke me for this, though I told you no further than you asked. But now I must own this, which is true, that you have heard truth about this match not being made with the agreement of Thorir, my wife's brother.'

Then spake Skallagrim in great wrath, 'How dared you come to meet me? Did you not know what friendship was between me and Thorir?'

Bjorn answered, 'I knew that between you two was foster-brotherhood and close friendship; but I sought your home because I was driven ashore here, and I knew it would avail naught to shun you. Now will it be for you to rule what my lot shall be, but I hope for good from you as I am of your household.'

Then came forward Thorolf Skallagrim's son, and added many a word, and begged his father not to lay this to Bjorn's charge after once receiving him. Several others spoke to the same end. And so it came that Skallagrim was appeased, and said that Thorolf should have his way here.

'Take you Bjorn,' said he, 'and deal with him as may best prove your manhood.'

# Egil's Saga—Part Six...continued

**Chapter 35 - Thorolf goes abroad**

Thora bare a child in the summer; it was a girl. She was sprinkled with water, and named Asgerdr. Bera got a woman to look after the girl. Bjorn stayed for the winter with Skallagrim as did all his shipmates. Thorolf struck up a friendship with Bjorn, and was ever in his company. But when spring came, one day Thorolf had a talk with his father, and asked him what counsel he would give about Bjorn his winter guest, or what help he would lend him. Grim asked Thorolf what Bjorn had in view.

'I think,' said Thorolf, 'that Bjorn would soonest go to Norway, if he could be there in peace. Methinks, father, this plan lies before us, that you send men to Norway to offer atonement for Bjorn; Thorir will greatly honour your word.'

Thorolf by his persuasion so managed that Skallagrim yielded and gave men for the outward voyage that summer. These went with message and tokens to Thorir Hroaldsson, and sought atonement between him and Bjorn. But no sooner did Brynjolf hear this than he, too, set his whole mind to offer atonement for Bjorn. And the end of this matter was that Thorir took atonement for Bjorn, because he saw that it had come to this now that Bjorn had nothing to fear. Thus Brynjolf got atonement accepted for Bjorn, and Skallagrim's messengers abode with Thorir for the winter. In the summer following they went back; and on their coming back in autumn they told their tidings that Bjorn was admitted to atonement in Norway. Bjorn was with Skallagrim for yet a third winter. But next spring he made him ready for departure with his following. And when Bjorn was ready for going, then Bera said she would fain have Asgerdr, her foster-child, left-behind. This Bjorn accepted, and the girl was left behind and brought up with Skallagrim's family. Thorolf, Skallagrim's son, settled to go with Bjorn, and Skallagrim gave him mean for the journey. So he went abroad in the summer with Bjorn. Their voyage sped well, and they came off the main into Sogn-sea. Bjorn then sailed into Sogn, and thence on home to his father, and Thorolf with him. Brynjolf received them joyfully. Then word was sent to Thorir Hroaldsson. He and Brynjolf set a time for a meeting; to this meeting Bjorn also came. He and Thorir there ratified their atonement. Then Thorir paid out of hand such property in his house as belonged to Thora; and thereafter Thorir and Bjorn were good brothers-in-law and friends. Bjorn then stayed at home at Aurland with

Brynjolf, Thorolf also being there in much favour both with father and son.

**Chapter 36 - Of Eric Bloodaxe and Thorolf**

King Harold long held his residence in Hordaland or Rogaland, at those large estates that he owned, at Outstone or Augvalds-ness, or at Afreksted in Fitjar, or at Seaham in Lygra. But this winter the king was in the north part of the land.

Now, when Bjorn and Thorolf had been one winter in Norway and spring came, they made ready a ship and gathered men. And in the summer they went a-freebooting eastwards, and came home in the autumn, having won much wealth. But when they came home they heard that King Harold was in Rogaland and would remain there for the winter. King Harold was beginning to age much and fail in strength, but many of his sons were come to vigour. His son Eric, by-named Bloodaxe, was then quite young. He was being fostered with lord Thorir Hroaldsson. The king loved Eric above all his sons. Thorir was on most intimate terms with the king then.

# Egil's Saga—Part Six...continued

Bjorn and Thorolf, when they came home, went first to Aurland, but afterwards turned their way northwards to visit lord Thorir at his home. They had a certain galley rowed by thirteen or fourteen oarsmen on either side, and they had about thirty men with them. This ship they had taken in their summer freebooting. It was gaily painted above the sea-line, and was very beautiful. But when they came to Thorir they were made welcome, and abode there some time; while the ship, tented over, floated opposite the house. It happened one day that, as Thorolf and Bjorn were going down to the ship, they saw that Eric, the king's son, was there; he went now out on to the ship, now up to the land, and stood there looking at the ship. Then said Bjorn to Thorolf:

'The king's son admires the ship much; do you offer it to him as a present, for I know it will much help us with the king if Eric be our pleader with him. I have heard it said that the king bears a heavy grudge against you for your father's sake.'

Thorolf said that this would be a good plan.

They then went down to the ship, and Thorolf spoke:

'Thou regardest the ship carefully, prince; how dost thou like it?'

'Right well,' said he, 'it is a perfect beauty.'

'Then will I give it thee,' said Thorolf, 'if thou wilt take the present.'

'Take it I will,' said Eric, 'and thou wilt deem it but poor payment therefor though I should offer thee my friendship; but this thou mayest look for if I live.'

Thorolf said that he thought the ship were thus far overpaid.

Then they separated. But thenceforward the king's son was right cheerful with Thorolf and his friend.

Bjorn and Thorolf, talking with Thorir, asked him whether he thought it true that the king bore a heavy grudge against Thorolf.

Thorir did not deny that he had heard so.

'Then I would fain,' said Bjorn, 'that you should go and plead Thorolf's cause before him, for one lot shall befall me and Thorolf; he did as much for me when I was in Iceland.'

The end was that Thorir promised to go to the king, and bade them try whether the king's son would go with him. But when Thorolf and Bjorn spake of this with Eric, he promised his influence with his father.

After that Thorolf and Bjorn went their way to Sogn. But Thorir and Eric the king's son set in order the newly-given galley, and went south to meet the king, and found him in Hordaland. He received them joyfully. They remained there for awhile, watching for a fit time to approach the king when he should be in a good humour. Then they opened this matter before the king, and said that a certain man had come named Thorolf, Skallagrim's son. 'We would pray thee,' they said, 'O king, to bear in mind this: that his kinsmen have done good to thee, and not to make him pay for what his father did in avenging his brother.'

Thorir spoke herein soft words, but the king answered rather shortly that to him and his much mischance had come from Kveldulf and his sons, and 'twas to be looked for that this Thorolf would be like-minded with his kin. 'They are all,' said he, 'overbearing men, who know no measure, and care not with whom they have to deal.'

Then Eric took the word. He said that Thorolf had made friends with him, and given him a noble present that ship which they had there. 'I have,' said he, 'promised him my hearty friendship. There will be few to become friends with me if this man get nothing by it. Thou wilt not let it be so, father, with him who has been the first to give me such a treasure.'

The end was that the king promised them before they parted that Thorolf should be in peace with him. 'But I will not,' said he, ' that he come into my presence. And thou, Eric, mayst make him as close to thee as thou wilt, him or more of his kin. But one of two things will happen, either they will be softer to thee than to me, or thou wilt rue this thy intercession, and that thou lettest them be long in thy company.'

Thereafter went Eric Bloodaxe and Thorir home to the Firths; then they sent word to Thorolf how their errand to the king had sped. Thorolf and Bjorn were for that winter with Brynjolf. Many summers they were out a-freebooting, but the winters they spent with Brynjolf, or sometimes with Thorir.

**Chapter 37 - The journey to Bjarmaland**

Eric Bloodaxe now took a share in the realm. He held oversight in Hordaland and the Firths; he took and kept about him a body-guard. And one spring Eric Bloodaxe made ready to go to Bjarmaland, and chose him much people for that voyage. Thorolf betook him to this voyage with Eric, and was in the forecastle of his ship, and bare his standard. Thorolf was then taller and stronger

# Egil's Saga—Part Six...continued

than other men, and herein like his father. In that expedition befell much tidings. Eric had a great battle by the river Dvina in Bjarmaland, wherein he won the victory, as is told in the lays about him. And in that voyage he took Gunnhilda, daughter of Auzur Toti, and brought her home with him. Gunnhilda was above all women beautiful and shrewd, and of magic cunning. There was great intimacy between Thorolf and Gunnhilda. Thorolf ever spend the winters with Eric, the summers in freebooting.

The next tidings were that Thora Bjorn's wife fell sick and died. But some while after Bjorn took to him another wife; she was named Alof, the daughter of Erling the wealthy of Ostr. They two had a daughter named Gunnhilda.

There was a man named Thorgeir Thornfoot; he dwelt in Fenhring of Hordaland, at a place called Askr. He had three sons - one named Hadd, another Bergonund, the third Atli the short. Bergonund was beyond other men tall and strong, and he was grasping and ungentle; Atli the short was of small stature, square-built, of sturdy strength. Thorgeir was a very rich man, a devoted heathen worshipper, of magic cunning. Hadd went out freebooting, and was seldom at home.

**Chapter 38 - Thorolf comes out to Iceland**

Thorolf Skallagrim's son made him ready one summer for a trading voyage; he purposed what he also performed, to go to Iceland and see his father. He had now been long abroad. By this he had got great store of wealth and many costly things. When ready for the voyage, he went to king Eric. And at their parting the king delivered to Thorolf an axe, which he said he wished to give to Skallagrim. The axe was snag-horned, large, gold-mounted, the hilt overlaid with silver; it was most valuable and costly.

Thorolf went his way as soon as he was ready, and his voyage sped well; he came with his ship into Borgar-firth, and at once hastened home to his father. A right joyful meeting was theirs. Then Skallagrim went down to Thorolf's ship, and had it drawn up, and Thorolf went home to Borg with twelve men. But when he came home, he gave Skallagrim King Eric's greeting, and delivered to him the axe which the king had sent him. Skallagrim took the axe and held it up, looked at it awhile, but said nothing. He fixed it up by his seat.

It chanced one day in the autumn at Borg that Skallagrim had several oxen driven home which he meant to slaughter. Two of these he had led under the house-wall, and placed with heads crossing. He took a large flat stone, and pushed it under their necks. Then he went near with the axe - the king's gift - and hewed at the oxen both at once, so that he took off the heads of the two. But the axe smote down on the stone, so that the mouth broke, and was rent through all the tempered steel. Skallagrim looked at the edge, said nothing, but went into the fire-hall, and, mounting to the wall-beam, thrust the axe up among the rafters above the door. There it lay in the smoke all the winter.

But in the spring Thorolf declared that he meant to go abroad that summer.

Skallagrim forbade him, saying: "Tis good to drive home with your wain whole. You have,' said he, 'gotten great honour by travel; but there is the old saw, "Many farings, many fortunes." Take you now here as much share of the property as you think will make you a great man.'

Thorolf said he would make yet one journey more. 'And I have,' said he, 'an urgent errand for the journey. But when I come back next time I shall settle here. But Asgerdr, your foster-child, shall go out with me to her father. This he bade me when I came west.'

Skallagrim said Thorolf would have his way.

Thereafter Thorolf went to his ship, and put it in order. And when all was ready they moved the ship out to Digra-ness, and it lay there waiting a wind. Then Asgerdr went to the ship with him. But before Thorolf left Borg Skallagrim went and took down from the rafters over the door the axe, the king's gift - and came out with it. The haft was now black with smoke, and the blade rusted. Skallagrim looked at the axe's edge. Then he handed it to Thorolf, reciting this stave:

*'The fierce would-wolf's tooth-edge*
*Hath flaws not a few,*
*An axe all deceitful,*
*A wood cleaver weak.*
*Begone! worthless weapon,*
*With shaft smoke-begrimed:*
*A prince ill-beseemed it*
*Such present to send.'*

**Chapter 39 - Kettle Blund comes out to Iceland.**

This had happened while Thorolf was away, that one summer a merchant-ship from Norway came into Borgar-firth. Merchant-ships used then commonly to be drawn up into rivers, brook-mouths, or ditches. This ship belonged to a man

named Kettle, and by-named Blund; he was a Norwegian of noble kin and wealthy. His son, named Geir, who was then of full age, was with him in the ship. Kettle meant to make his home in Iceland; he came late in the summer. Skallagrim knew all about him, and offered him lodging for himself and all his company. This Kettle took, and was with Skallagrim for the winter. That winter Geir, Kettle's son, asked to wife Thorunn, Skallagrim's daughter, and the match was made, and Geir took her.

Next spring Skallagrim showed Kettle to land above Oleif's land, by White-river, from Flokadale-river mouth to Reykjadale-river mouth, and all the tongue that lay between the rivers up to Redgill, and all Flokadale above the slopes. Kettle dwelt at Thrandarholt; Geir at Geirs-lithe; he had another farm in Reykjadale at Upper Reykir. He was called Geir the wealthy; his sons were Blund-Kettle and Thorgeir-blund. A third was Hrisa-blund, who first dwelt at Hrisa.

**Chapter 40 - Of Egil's and Skallagrim's games**

Skallagrim took much pleasure in trials of strength and games; he liked to talk about such. Ball-play was then a common game. Plenty of strong men there were at that time in the neighbourhood, but not one of strength to match with Skallagrim. He was now somewhat stricken in years. There was a man named Thord, son of Grani, at Granastead, who was of great promise; he was then young; very fond he was of Egil, Skallagrim's son. Egil often engaged in wrestling; he was headstrong and hot-tempered, but all had the sense to teach their sons to give way to Egil. A game of ball was held at White-river-dale in the early winter, to which was a great gathering of people from all the country-side. Thither went many of Skallagrim's household to the game. Chief among them was Thord, Grani's son. Egil asked Thord to let him go with him to the game; he was then in his seventh winter. Thord let him do so, and Egil mounted behind him. But when they came to the play-meeting, then the men made up sides for the play. Many small boys had come there too, and they made up a game for themselves. For this also sides were chosen.

Egil was matched to play against a boy named Grim, son of Hegg, of Hegg-stead. Grim was ten or eleven years old, and strong for his age. But when they played together Egil got the worst of it. And Grim made all he could of his advantage. Then Egil got angry and lifted up the bat and struck Grim, whereupon Grim seized him and threw him down with a heavy fall, and handled him rather roughly, and said he would thrash him if he did not behave. But when Egil got to his feet, he went out of the game, and the boys hooted at him.

Egil went to Thord and told him what had been done. Thord said:

'I will go with you, and we will be avenged on them.'

He gave into his hands a halberd that he had been carrying. Such weapons were then customary. They went where the boys' game was. Grim had now got the ball and was running away with it, and the other boys after him. Then Egil bounded upon Grim, and drove the axe into his head, so that it at once pierced his brain. After this Egil and Thord went away to their own people. The Myramen ran to their weapons, and so did either party. Oleif Halt, with his following, ran to help the Borgarmen, who were thus far the larger number, and they parted without doing more. But hence arose a quarrel between Oleif and Hegg. They fought at Laxfit, by Grims-river; there seven men fell, but Hegg was wounded to death, and his brother Kvig fell. But when Egil came home, Skallagrim said little about it; but Bera said Egil had in him the makings of a freebooter, and that 'twould be well, so soon as he were old enough, to give him a long-ship. Then Egil made a stave:

*'Thus counselled my mother,*
*For me should they purchase*
*A galley and good oars*
*To go forth a-roving.*
*So may I high-standing,*
*A noble barque steering,*
*Hold course for the haven,*
*Hew down many foemen.'*

When Egil was twelve years old, he was grown so big that there were but few men howso large and strong that he could not overcome in games. In his twelfth winter he was often at games. Thord Grani's son was then twenty years old; he was very strong. As the winter wore on, if often chanced that the two, Egil and Thord, were matched against Skallagrim. And once in the winter it so befell that there was ball-play at Borg, southwards in Sandvik. Thord and Egil were set against Skallagrim in the game; and he became weary before them, so that they had the best of it. But in the evening after sunset it began to go worse with Egil and his partner. Skallagrim then became so strong and he caught up Thord and dashed him down so

# Egil's Saga—Part Six...the conclusion

violently that he was all bruised and at once got his bane. Then he seized Egil. Now there was a handmaid of Skallagrim's named Thorgerdr Brak, who had nursed Egil when a child; she was a big woman, strong as a man, and of magic cunning. Said Brak:

'Dost thou turn they shape-strength, Skallagrim, against thy son?'

Whereat Skallagrim let Egil loose, but clutched at her. She broke away and took to her heels with Skallagrim after her. So went they to the utmost point of Digra-ness. Then she leapt out from the rock into the water. Skallagrim hurled after her a great stone, which struck her between the shoulders, and neither ever came up again. The water there is now called Brakar-sound. But afterwards, in the evening, when they came home to Borg, Egil was very angry. Skallagrim and everybody else were set at table, but Egil had not yet come to his place. He went into the fire-hall, and up to the man who there had the overseeing of work and the management of moneys for Skallagrim, and was most dear to him. Egil dealt him his deathblow, then went to his seat. Skallagrim spoke not a word about it then, and thenceforward the matter was kept quiet. But father and son exchanged no word good or bad, and so that winter passed.

The next summer after this Thorolf came out, as was told above. And when he had been in Iceland one winter, in the spring following he made ready his ship in Brakar-sound. But when he was quite ready, then one day Egil went to his father, and asked him to give him an outfit.

'I wish,' said he, 'to go out with Thorolf.'

Skallagrim asked if he had spoken at all on that matter with Thorolf. Egil said he had not. Skallagrim bade him do that first. But when Egil started the question with Thorolf, he said:

"Tis not likely that I shall take you abroad with me; if your father thinks he cannot manage you here in his house, I have no confidence for this, to take you with me to foreign lands; for it will not do to show there such temper as you do here.'

'Maybe,' said Egil, 'neither of us will go.'

In the night came on a furious gale, a south-wester. But when it was dark, and now flood-tide, Egil came where the ship lay. He went out on to the ship, and outside the tenting; he cut asunder the cables that were on the seaward side; then, hurrying back to land by the bridge, he at once shot out the bridge, and cut the cables that were upon land. Then the ship was driven out into the firth. But when Thorolf's men were aware that the ship was adrift, they jumped into the boat; but the wind was far too strong for them to get anything done. The ship drifted over to Duck-kyle, and on the islands there; but Egil went home to Borg.

And when people got to know of the trick that Egil had played, the more part blamed it. Egil said he should before long do Thorolf more harm and mischief if he would not take him away. But then others mediated between them, and the end was that Thorolf took Egil, and he went out with him that summer.

When Thorolf came on shipboard, at once taking the axe which Skallagrim had given into his hands, he cast it overboard into the deep so that it nevermore came up. Thorolf went his way in the summer, and his voyage sped well, and they came out to Hordaland. He at once stood northwards to Sogn. There it had happened in the winter that Brynjolf had fallen sick and died, and his sons had shared the heritage. Thord had Aurland, the estate on which his father had dwelt. He had become a liege-man of the king, and was made a baron. Thord's daughter was named Rannveig, the mother of Thord and Helgi, this Thord being father if Ingiridr whom king Olaf had to wife. Helgi was father of Brynjolf, father of Serk, Sogn, and Svein.

Photo by Lady Bree Pye of Caer Galen

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